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ANARCHIST SONGBOOK

[to tunes you know]

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Section One ANARCHISM

THE TORY'S SONG
(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

A charming Conservative lady In a beautiful decorative hat When asked about sexual relations She said we must bring back the cat.

Chorus:
Beat them, bitch them,
That is my passionate plea (said she)
Beat them, birch them, for Tories want flogging you see.

The kitchen-sink school of playwriters Who use words like bloody and hell And queers and the long-haired pop-singers The rapists, and Papists as well. Chorus:

The robbers, the heterosexuals, the people who live in the slums Most unofficial strikers and all the unofficial mums. Chorus:

The sex fiends and all these highwaymen The people who pet in the park And what about lonely old ladies afraid to go home in the dark? Chorus:

Anarchism! You must be demented I think you've got sex on the brain Masochism? That can be prevented Just give them a touch of the cane. Chorus:

As for that cow Christine Keeler who sank Mister Macmillan's ship Profumo got off then too lightly Was the masked man the Government whip

CHINESE C.P. BLUES (Tune: Chinese Laundry Blues)

I know an old Stalin supporter Often wonders what he ought to do When Stalin is sung Because he swung to Mao-Tse-Tung He's got those kinda Stalin Chinese C.P. Blues.

Last generation Was deviation You get the smartest girls and many when you follow Marx & Lenin, Mao-Tse Tung Your praise is sung To get those kinda Stalin Chinese C.P. Blues.

SHOOT 'EM ALL (Tune: Bless 'Em All)

Shoot them all, shoot them all Shoot the long and the short and the tall Shoot all the bosses and Shoot all the cops Shoot all the bourgeois And burn down their shops.

'Cause we're saying goodbye to them all, As we line them up against the wall It's mass execution - the only solution So come on comrades Shoot them all.

PURGE THEM ALL (Tune: Bless Them All)

Purge them all, purge them all The Maoists are having a ball They're all wearing masks and They're in fancy dress 'Cos if they act normal they'll get house arrest.

Purge them all! Purge them all! The long and the short and the tall Purge Lin Piao And Liu Shoi Chi Purge Madame Mao But please don't purge me.

For we're saying "Goodbye" to them all As we line them up against the wall A dead revolution is our contribution So cheer up comrades purge them all.

1953. developed his teachings until his own death Stalin, who faithfully executed.

his

LEON TROTSKY (Tune: Mickey Mouse)

Who's the leader of the clique Where factions never die L-E-O N-T-R O-T-S-K-Y Leon Trotsky (Remember Kronstadt) Leon Trotsky (And the Ukraine) Forever hold your ice-picks High! High! High! Now's the time to power climb Through the bureaucrac-i L-E-O N-T-R O-T-S-K-Y.

As the cross has become a symbol of adoration for the Christian so the ice-pick may become reverent for the followers of the 4th Internationals founder.

TROT FACTION (Tune: Ten Green Bottles)

One trot faction meeting in a hall
One trot faction meeting in a hall
And if one trot faction should start an ugly brawl
There'd be two trot factions meeting in the hall.

Two trot factions meetin in the hall Two trot factions meeting in the hall And if two trot factions should start an ugly brawl There'd by three trot factions meeting in the hall.

REPEAT UNTIL SICK

NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of nineteen twenty-one When Lenin quickly ended all the freedom just begun When he smashed the Kronstadt sailors With his bolshie lies and goons For the party's never wrong.

Glory glory pigs might fly Glory glory pigs might fly Glory glory pigs might fly For the party's never wrong.

KRONSTADT TOWN (Tune: I Belong to Glasgow)

Chorus:
I belong to Kronstadt, dear old Kronstadt town
When there's a revolution, the party puts it down
I'm only an anarchist worker, but I know where my sympathies lie
I belong to Kronstadt, until the day I die.

I belong to Kronstadt, Krondtadt there-on-sea We're gonna run the factories, and live in liberty Whenever I see a commissar, I cut 'em down to size If they come round here or anywhere near they're in for a big surprise!

Chorus:

I belong to Kronstadt, you might think that I'm dumb I still believe in Anarchy, freedom for everyone So fuck off Lenin and your gang and right up Trotsky too If you think we'll bow to dictatorship, you know what you can do!

Chorus:

I belong to Kronstadt, I'll tell you one more time Don't listen to the marxists, they'll have you down the mine And don't waste time with arguments, just run 'em out of town So don't forget — no don't you let those bastards grind you down.

IF YOU KNEW TROTSKY (Tune: If you Knew Suzy)

If you knew Trotsky like I knew Trotsky Oh Oh Oh what a guy He shoots pheasants or is it peasants Oh Oh Oh what a guy

If you ever meet him you better agree Or else he'll shoot you as a counterrevolutionary If you knew Trotsky like I knew Trotsky Oh Oh What a guy

AN ARTS DEGREE (Tune: The Worker's Flag)

An arts degree! An arts degree!
Beats working in a factory.
A dip-ed! A dip-ed!
Means your children will be fed.
A law degree! Science degree!
Some day all this will be free.
Until that day just work to pass
And you may join the middle class.

PEOPLE'S UNI (TUNE: SUMMERTIME)

People's Uni and the livin' is easy Dope is smokin' and the students are high People starving in the third world countries But hush little uni student.....don't you cry.

One of these days you're gonna wake up and realise
That a life exists outside of a university
But until that day comes — just keep writing essays
And play being radical in the student union..

TIRED LITTLE RADICALS (Tune: Teddy Bear's Picnic)

If you go into the streets today You'd better go incognito. If you go into the streets today You better not take I.D. For every pig that ever there was Is gathered there for certain Because, today's the day The people have their rally.

Rally time for radicals
The lovely radicals are having some fun today.

Soon they'll all go home And watch themselves on T.V. 'Cause they're tired little radicals.

THE TIMES, THEY ARE REMAINING

Come gather round people wherever you roam, And admit that the whole revolution has blown 'Cause all we do now is sit round and get stoned I'd be out in the streets but it's raining. We once were together not now we're alone And the times they are remaining.

Come writers and critics who speak with a pen It's easier now, it was much harder then 'Cause you have to admit, you make more money when You only need be entertaining Write for Rolling Stone, Playboy and grab what you can

Just what was the use of complaining

Don't worry congressmen, don't heed the call, It was only a phase, it was nothing at all, I look back on it now it's hard to recall Why march up to a cop and get kicked in the cunt If the times they are remaining.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast The future's decided, the moment is passed, It's sad to find we're completely outclassed But the efforts too much for sustaining, Take everything easy sit back on your arse For the times they are remaining.



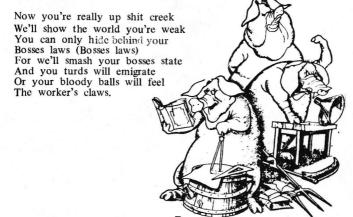
I'M NOT GONNA BE RIPPED OFF (Tune: Botany Bay)

I've been ripped off by Liberals and Laborites Been ripped off by Communists too Been ripped off by Maoists and Trotskyites I'm not gonna be ripped off by you.

LOCK YOUR WINDOWS – BOLT YOUR DOORS (Tune: Drover's Dream)

Lock your windows, bolt your doors
For you've caused too many wars
You can shove your empires up your bloody arse
(bloody arse)
There's one war for which we'll die
And that battle's drawing nigh
To liberate the prisoners of class.

The wrong one's are in jails
You're the hammer we're the nails
You've driven us too far in with your cash
(with your cash)
But now we'll show our hand
It's the symbol of our stand
It's a clenched fist and it's coming
For to smash.



WHEN THE PEOPLE HAVE BURST THEIR CHAINS (Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

When the people have burst their chains at last Horrah! Horrah!
The golden age will have come to pass Hoorah! Hoorah!
No child will starve and no soldier die And we'll all be free beneath the sky And no kings will rule when The people have burst their chains.

When the workers begin to organise Hoorah! Hoorah! The boss will be in for a big surprise Hoorah! Hoorah! With workers hearts and worker's arms We'll seize the factories and the farms And we'll all be free When the workers have organised.



THE RED AND THE BLACK

(Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag)

Fight all oppression with the red and the black Be free! free! free!
End all injustice with the red and the black Be free! free! free!
What's the use of property?
To aid the bourgeoisie So!
Seize all the factories with the red and the black Be free! free!





WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE DECADENT BOURGEOIS

(Tune: What Will We With a Drunken Sailor)

What will we do with the decadent bourgeois What will we do with the decadent bourgeois What will we do with the decadent bourgeois Come the revolution

Stuff their arse with stocks and shares stuff their arse with stocks and shares stuff their arse with stocks and shares Come the revolution

What will we do with the priests and generals What will we do with the priests and generals what will we do with the priests and generals Come the revolution

Shoot them with their ammunition Shoot them with their ammunition shoot them with their ammunition Come the revolution

What will we do with the coppers and screws What will we do with the coppers and screws What will we do with the coppers and screws Come the revolution

Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew Salt and pepper and put 'em in a stew Come the revolution.

What will we do with the bitter misogynists What will we do with the bitter misogynists What will we do with the bitter misogynists Come the revolution

Eighty hour week in a tampon factory Eighty hour week in a tampon factory Eighty hour week in a tampon factory Come the revolution.

HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN HURRAY POWER TO THE WOMEN COME THE REVOLUTION.

OH WHEN THE STATE BEGINS TO FALL (Tune: When the Saints Come Marchin' In)

Oh when the state begins to fall Oh when the state begins to fall Oh lord I want to be in there looting Oh when the state begins to fall.

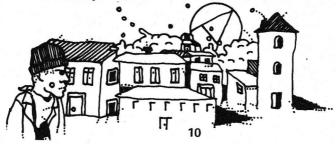
Oh when the church gets smashed to bits Oh when the church gets smashed to bits Oh lord I want to be in there desecrating Oh when the church gets smashed to bits.

Oh when the police get totally annihilated Oh when the police get totally annihilated Öh lord I want to be there laughing Oh when the police get totally annihilated.

THERE'S NO GOVERNMENT LIKE NO GOVERNMENT (Tune: There's no business like Show Business)

There's no government like no government Like no government I know Everything about it is appealing Everything about it is just great Nothing like that fabulous feeling When you are living without the state

There's no government like no government Like no government I know nah Let's smash up the State



WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWING BY A ROPE (Tune: Would you like to Swing From a Star)

CHORUS:

Would you like to swing by a rope Busted for vagrancy or dope Or taking potshots at the new pope Or would you rather be a pig Mmm would you rather be a pig.

A pig is an animal without any brains
A fascist so callous and cruel
He just takes orders when he puts us down
While the rich keep ripping off the whole damn town
Don't you believe that he's your friend
He'll only bust you in the end, yeah
He'll help them make you bend.

CHORUS:

Or would you rather swing by a rope Busted for vagrancy or dope Or taking potshots at the new pope Or would you rather be a screw, oo would you rather be a screw.

A screw is a parasite who sucks us of blood
As nasty and viscious as the pig
He loves to torture the prisoner's mind
This prison system is the real crime
They bash and gas them in their cells
Cause suicide from sheer hell Yeah
And tell the public lies as well.

CHORUS:

Or would you rather swing by a rope Busted for vagrancy or dope Or taking potshots at the new pope Or would you rather be a rat Mmm would you rather be a rat.

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A rat is a dirty shit
Who squeals on his friends
And throws in his lot with police state
He sets up, frames up, creates terrors
He's the state's own agent provocateur.
Or else they aim to be great stars
In Hollywood or Canberra mmm
And drive around in fancy cars Yeah
And be the first to land in Mars.

CHORUS:

Or would you rather swing by a rope
Busted for vagrancy or dope
Or taking potshots at the new pope
Busted for vagrancy or dope
Or would you rather be an ape, I mean guer illa
Or would you rather be an ape, I mean an ape urban guerrilla
Or would you rather be an ape.

IN SPAIN

In Spain there's a valley called Jarama Where they fought in the days of my youth The fellow travellers had better be silent I'm about to tell you the truth

It was there that they smashed our collectives And they put down the workers who rose And they plundered Spain's free reconstruction And betrayed us to Fascistic foes.

Who committed these terrible actions And to Spain's revolution dismay Why the treacherous Communist Party And it's internal friction brigade.

I shall never trust ex-party members Who committed this treason in Spain Oh! I hope every worker remembers For the bastards would do it again

THE BLACK FLAG (Tune: O Tannenbaum)

The only flag we fly is Black So take that betrayed Red one back We care not what names you call us Or stamp your feet or make a fuss

We are the ANARCHISTS my friend And we will fight until the end A "Worker's State" is just the same As any other power-game

It does not matter who you are Priest, Bourgeoisie, or Commissar, If you think we'll follow you Then you know what you can do...

We seek no master, we're not slaves We'd rather be FREE in our graves Than bend the knee or bow the head, We want the bakery not the bread.

No marriage laws do we observe "Free Union" is our preserve We need no licence when we love From Church, or State, or God above.

In ways of sexuality, unbiased our morality, Uninhibited we do proclaim: We like it all-ways just the same...

Please don't think us disorganised The things we do you'd be surprised But we've no time for Party-jinx or hierarchy, all that stinks!

In groups of strong affinity We base our solidarity And freely do we federate So one and all participate. In deeds not words we place our trust For promises go easily bust And names and labels get confused And principles can be abused.

If you are really on our side Cast-off vain glory, power and pride. The road ahead is hard and long So learn to laugh and sing this song.

But just a word before you go, Something you really ought to know, The BLACK FLAG is for Liberty For one and all - that's ANARCHY!



THE BLACK FLAG (Tune: O Tannenbaum)

The people's flag is deepest black Red flags are just for autocrats The worker's state is just a way To let the revolution fade away

CHORUS:

So raise our blackest banners high, The people live, only leaders die The working class will smash the state We'll shoot the vanguard while we wait.

Let's smash US/USSR Imperialism — Let's fight all ghosts and monsters too Leftist leaders would rather see A good slogan than a real victory.

CHORUS:

Lenin, Stalin, Mao & Trotsky still
Forgive us if we're feeling ill
The working class won't kiss your arse
The worker's state is just a farce.

CHORUS:

People's army, people's war People's police and people's laws You'll protect the worker's state 'Till workers cease to agitate.

CHORUS:

Who are the people you talk about Power to yourself we have no doubt You just ride on the worker's gains BUT WE WANT MORE THAN A CHANGE OF CHAINS

CHORUS:

LA CUCARACHA

Chorus:

La Cucaracha
La cucaracha, la cucaracha,
Grab a rifle everyone
If land and freedom don't inspire you,
Maybe marijuana can.

Rich folks say with much derision That the peasants all lack vision Lousy scum in rags and tatters But the central army scatters.

Chorus:

They grow maize around El Paso They make fine cloth those Saltillans They tan leather in Chihuahua ... In Mexico City they make millions.

Chorus:

In the year we took the mine works How the Yankees made contrition ... When they couldn't buy our labor Ay they bought our politicians.

Chorus:

Swear an oath to the alcalde Many rifles he is wearing ... If we break into his armoury We can break the oaths we're swearing.

Chorus:

When we've burned the great cathedral We will make the revolution ... If please God we prove successful Priests will give us absolution.





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Chorus:

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Caballeros do not fear us Raise the rent of your peones ... The last landlord who came near us Lost his courage and cojones.

La cucaracha, la cucaracha, Grab a rifle everyone If land and freedom don't inspire you, Maybe marijuana can.



Section Two SEXUALITY

MENSTRUATION BLUES

Dedicated to the NSW female Builder's Labourers who were in the process of getting menstruation allowances before the NSW Builder's Labourers were disbanded by the maoist Victorian Builder's Labourers.

Chorus:

I've got the menstruation blues I've got the menstruation blues I've got the menstruation blues And I've got 'em so hard I don't know how to loose them

I can feel my life blood flowing
A 'flowing down the drain
I can feel my life blood flowing
A 'flowing down the drain
And the hardest thing to face
That next month it's all goin' to happen again

Chorus:

Toxic Shock Syndrom

I got a pain in my guts
And my head is spinning around
I got a pain in my guts
And my head is spinning around
I feel like the lowest kind of animal
Crawling on the ground.

I can't chuck - I can't even fuck
Honey this thing has put me out of luck
I've got the menstruation blues
I've got the menstruation blues
And I've got 'em so hard
I don't know how to loose them.

No-one wants to mouth around that fishy old smell Lordy I'm so lonely I feel like hell I've got the menstruation blues I've got the menstruation blues And I've got 'em so hard I don't know how to loose them.

I had to spend my dope money On a bunch of fanny rags I spend my dope money on a bunch of fanny rags I tell you this thing is getting to be one Hell of a drag.

CHORUS:

UNION MAID

There once was a union maid
She never was afraid
Of guards and ginks and company finks
Or deputy sheriffs who made the raids.
She went to the union hall
When a meeting it was called
And when the legion boys came round
She always stood her ground.

CHORUS:

Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin' by the Union I'm stickin' by the Union I'm stickin' by the Union No you can't scare me I'm stickin' by the Union I'm stickin' by the Union I'm stickin' by the Union Till the day I die.

She went to the picket line
One morning just at nine
And the guards and ginks and company finks
Came skipping through the morning dew
They had their clubs and guns
They had their knives and bombs
They stood as still as if they're dead
When she jumped up and said:

CHORUS:

When the union boys they seen
This pretty little union queen
Stand up and sing in the deputy's face
They laughed and yelled all over the place.
And you know what they done?
These two-gun company thugs
When they heard this union song,
They tucked their tails and run:

CHORUS:

We modern union maids
Are also not afraid
To walk the line
Leave jobs behind
And we're not just the Ladies' Aide
We fight for equal pay.
And we will have our say
We're workers too, the same as you
And fight the union way.

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Don't call us 'dear' or 'honey' Or 'little lady' sonny We're women free with dignity, No cutie playboy bunny But neither are we men, So listen once again: If you call us 'brother' We'll call you 'mothah' - Sister is the name!

CHORUS:



YES, I'LL BE THERE

IN THE ANARCHO-

SHAMELESS HUSSIES (Tune: Dixie)

We're shameless hussies, and we don't give a damn We're loud and raucous and we're fighting for our rights For our sex, and for fun, and we're strong.

Men call us names that are nasty and rude Like lesbian, manhater, bitch and prostitute What a laugh, for half of it's true.

The fragile, docile image of our sex must die From centures of silence we are screaming into action.

We're shamless hussies, and we curse and we swear, We'll be free, beware of those who disagree Come and sing, we will fight, we will win.

GAY SERA SERA

When I was just a little girl I asked my mother, what would I be Would I be gay or would I be straight? Here's what she said to me.

Gay Sera, Sera, Whatever will be, will be The future's not ours to see Gay sera, sera.

When I was just a child in school I asked my teacher what lies ahead Will I be gay or will I be straight? She said it's in your head

Gay sera, sera, Whatever will be, will be You might as well start with me Gay sera, sera...what will be will be

Now I have sisters of my own We all discuss the choices we made Hetero, homo, auto or bi Seems that it's all the same.

Gay sera, sera
Whatever will be will be
It's all sexuality
Gay sera, sera, what will be will be
DORIS DAY FOR ME....



TIRED OF FUCKERS

When I'm walking down the street And every man I meet Says 'Baby ain't you sweet....' I could scream But although those guys are sick And think only of their prick It ain't sweet I feel I just feel good and mean.

CHORUS:

They whistle at me like a dog
And make noises like a hog
Heaven knows they sure got problems I agree
But their problems I can't solve
'Cause my sanity's involved
And I'm tired of fuckers fucking over me.

When I'm trying to take a walk
And some guy says he wants to talk
And my way proceeds to block
I get real sore
'Cause althogh I talk real fine
That ain't what is on his mind
I'm just a pretty piece
That he's trying to score.

CHORUS:

When I'm on my way to work
And I'm confronted by some jerk
Who's got some obscene quirk he must display
Though I know that guy is ill
I can't help but want to kill
Every other man who's standing in my way.

CHORUS:

Now I knew that life is rough And to be a man is tough But I have had enough And I can't ignore That their masculinity Just don't respect my right to be And I solemnly do swear I'm going to war.

CHORUS:

Continues on next page......



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So I sing this song in hope
That you won't think it's a joke
'Cause it's time we all awoke
To take a stand
We've been victims all our lives
Now it's time we organised
To fight we're gonna need each others help.

SAUSAGES & MASH (Tune: Click Go the Shears)

Down in the kitchen
The little missus stands
With lovely lemon liquid
On her rough reddened hands
In come the kids saying "Mummy can I have...
Hey, Susy's in the bathroom
And she's drinking from the lav."

CHORUS:
Clash go the kids, mum,
Bash, smash, crash!
Life is carried on
With the sausages and mash
She's living in a circus,
Where she doesn't really fit
And she curses female destiny
That's put her in the shit.

In comes the boozer
The kids are getting fed
"Turn up the telly!
Get those bloody kids to bed!"
Bolts down his snags and says,
"How about some sex?
Wait a minute, dearie,
As she reaches for the Bex

CHORUS:



TIME TO TAKE A STAND (Tune: Clementina)

In the UK, in the UK
Where abortion is a crime,
You can die of septicaemia
Yes, it happens all the time.

In the city, there's a doctor, And he's making lots of dough But there's women out there crying 'Cause they can't afford to go.

There are others out there frantic Where the welfare workers go Have the baby - it won't hurt you, And she quietly suicides.

In a sweet church on a green hill Father Joseph saves a soul While he's praying for a foetus Another woman's dead and cold

Foetus lovers, foetus lovers, Can't you see the life you save, Grow into a little baby, Bashed and battered while you rave!

I'm a woman and my body
Must remain for me alone
Throw your fucked laws out the window
My decisions are my own.

Contraception and abortion Are just rights that we demand Contraception and abortion Women, time to take a stand.



DIAHORREA

(Tune: How do you Solve a Problem like Maria)

It comes across you quickly when you take a morning walk You wonder if the cause of it was that ten day old pork You feel that up your arsehole you would like to shove a cork Diahorrea's not an asset to the arsehole I'd like to say a word on it's behalf!

Then say it sister Diahorretta! Diahorrea makes me fart.

Oh! How do you solve a problem like Diahorrea? How do you stop your stomach going round? How do you keep the faeces in your rear? How do you keep your dacks up off the ground?

When my tummy is confused and I'm gushing out the poos Which have very nearly almost filled the can Then I wish my jobs were done For I'm funning short of bum And regret that I'd become a licorice fan It's a bother - drives you wild Plague to woman man and child It's a headache! It's a guts ache! It's a shit!

Oh! How do you solve a problem like Diahorrea! How do you stop your stomach going round?



JOYCE

From a very early age it was easy to see
That Joyce didn't fit into society
She didn't date boys and she didn't drink coke
She just stayed at home and cried over Bridget Bardot

Her family said it was easy to see She suffered from Sexual Deviancy, Respectable members of the community Suggested she try psychiatry.

But Joyce knew she was right
Maybe just a little uptight
But she would show them with all her might
And turn into the biggest superdyke they had every seen.

So one day all her pretence just got to be a bore So she left all her hair on the barber-room floor She threw out cock-rock records which had drove her insane And instead settled back and listened to Lavender Jane.

Her consciousness was growing at an amazing rate She was learning words especially castrate All this confidence was starting to show It's about time her mother should know.

She said Mum I'm speaking to you just as a friend Your daughter is now a raving, craving beautiful lesbian. Well mom just stood there didn't know what to say For twenty-one years she'd been dreading this day Joyce just stood there didn't know what to think And kept watching mum break the dishes in the sink.

BUT

A little while later Mum gave her a call and Out of the closet she got Radcliffe Hall. She said Joyce it wasn't done in 1928 When I met your father I was trying to escape Now I think I've left it a little too late But I'm glad you not copping the same fate I've put up with for twenty-five years.

Thanks Mum.

LESO NATION MASTURBATION

We went to the conference to talk with our friends, Instead we copped all the feminist lesbians And they were giving us a hard time Asking what our hard line was I said I have a hills hoist in my backyard And that's all I'm committing myself to at this time.

We were just sitting there not doing what we should, And they got into serious stuff like love and sisterhood So they pulled nasty faces
Then they tried to chase us
Out of the joint into the cold night air
I'm beginning to see that sisterhood just ain't fair.

You don't like us because we won't conform And wear your butch-dyke uniform, I think this is the end we don't mean to offend, Any of the ladies that think it's crass, It's just a case that we've been there and done that.

Ist
CHORUS:
Well, we don't care if you ostracise us,
Just don't try to politicise us
Your lesbian nation's just one big masturbation.

2nd
CHORUS:
Well, we don't care if you ostracise us
Just don't try to politicise us
Your lesbian nation's just one big hallucination
Get fucked you tight arse turds!

DISARM R



SMASH S

THE GOOD OLD DOUBLE STANDARD

That good old double stand, raise it high, raise it high That flag of sexist attitudes let it fly, oh let it fly This army has two sets of rules depending on your sex So you better do what the General says or else he'll have your necks.

If the boy experiments with sex he's a young buck brave and bold If the young girl does exactly that she's a slut, a tramp, a moll Male and female are viewed differently by society's every eye So raise the good old double standard high!

Did you ever hear of a pack of women trying to rape a man Did you ever see a woman pinch a man's bum in a tram? No, these are male prerogatives not available to dames And to make sure that it stays that way is the double standard's aim. This flags a glorious symbol of women's weaker need Her body's built for birth not for vicarious sexual greed She's the victim, she's the passive, she's the gender that's confined So raise the good old double standard high.

When it comes to contraception the male is never to blame Forget to take your pill — your child's a bastard with no name. It's his normal, natural needs that makes him crave your body So - your sexual freedom is enslaved again and yet again. And they call you prude or frigid if you ever dare say no. The double standard says that all wives crave a marital rape And their feeble protestations they're excuses to escape Are just standard feminine come-ons to kindle his desire So raise the good old double standard higher.

If it's him who's worked so hard and he's not feeling the best Then none of your black negligees will coax him from his rest There are no male brothels when a woman's need is great And the double standard teaches women cannot masturbate.

So if you've looked after the kids all day, it's cooking, washing too And he comes home with a sexual need he'll just overpower you You're meant to tremble with excitement as he unzips his fly So keep the double standard flying high.

That good old double standard raise it high, raise it high That flag of sexist attitudes — let it fly, oh let it fly There are just two ways about it for everything you do And you'll never know what hold sexual attitude has on you.

You women never ever see the tyranny of men Your sexual freedom is enslaved again and yet again In everything to do with sex your life is one big lie So raise the good old double standard high high high So raise the good old double standard high high high So raise the good old double standard high high high So raise the good old double standard high high high





28

MARXIST-FEMINIST CONFERENCE (Tune: Chatanouga Choo Choo)

Pardon me girls
Is this the international conference?
Be there at nine, to get the Marxist line
You'll get the surplus value theory
at a quarter past nine.
Objective reality will be redefined.

Dialectics in the diner Nothing could be finer Than to discuss dogma With the correct liner.

Ain't it just great To be a first class fellow traveller? No flies on me I've got my PhD

Caviar and Capital
In 4 Star Hotels
Gee, the revolution
Sure is feeding us well!
Working class is sinking
Vanguard keeps on drinking
Marxist you're productive,
If you just sit there thinking.



OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed, they've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed. Maybe we should go out there and try to stop the pain, but monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game. And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody, outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff, thirteen cars are piled up, they're hanging on a cliff, maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain, but we gotta move, and we might get sued, and it looks like its gonna rain and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody, outside of a small circle of friends.

Sweating in the ghetto with the coloured and the poor the rats have joined the babies who are sleeping onthe floor now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their top but they've got too much already, and beside we've got the cops, and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody, outside of a small circle of friends.

Oh, there's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale the supreme court was so upset, they sent him off to jail, maybe we should help the pain, and take away his fine, but we're busy reading playboy and the sunday new york times, and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody, outside of a small circle of friends

Smoking markhuana is more fun than drinking beer, but a friend of ours was captured, and they gave him thirty years, maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why, but demonstrations are a drag, beside we're much too high, and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody,



Continued from previous page

Oh, look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed, they've dragged her to the bushes, and now she's being stabbed, maybe we should go out there and try and stop the pain, but monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game, and I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody, outside of a small circle of friends.

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR LUNGS (Tune: Smoke gets in Your Eyes)

They asked me how I knew my carcinoma was true I of course replied something here inside cannot be denied
They said sometimes you'll find all who smoke don't choke
But when your tongue's on fire from the weird desire
Smoke gets in your lungs.

So I chaffed them and I wryly laughed to think that they could doubt my cancer Yet today my cancer grows apace — I am without my lung.

Now crying friends deride laughs I cannot hide

— laughing ending in cough and spit
So I smoke and say
When a butt but burns — smoke gets in your lungs.



BIG BROTHER (Tune: On Broadway)

Big brother tells us
That we are free
To live our life our way.
But all the time we must do everything
That he says
We're hypnotised by TV and bright lights
To think it's OK
If we get acceptance then we'll be happy
And comfortably gay.

Forget about plunder and murder and rape Done in the name of this liberal state This system so fucked It just can't liberate anyway. Ignore the fact that it's founded on hate Cancer and madness is all it creates To die a slow death is everyone's fate Straight or gay.

To be equal with pigs
Cost a price I'm not willing to pay
For the comfort of a few
The oppression of a few
The oppression of many everyday.

If it's status quo,
then I'll rock the boat in my own way
For what has the state done
But hate me all my life
Because I'm gay
Yeah the powers that be
Will only fuck over me
Whether I'm straight or gay.

NOTHING SONG

January nothing
February nothing
March and April nothing
May and June Lots of nothing
JULY NOTHING

August nothing September nothing November, December nothing January and February lots of nothing March and April nothing

Monday nothing Tuesday nothing Wednesday and Thursday nothing Friday and Saturday nothing Sunday lots of nothing

Reading nothing, writing nothing even arithmetic nothing the world's great books a great set of nothing noddy and big ear nothing.

Fucking nothing, sucking nothing flesh and sex nothing masturbation, pedestry fellatio less than nothing cunnilingus nothing

Bakunin nothing, kropotkin nothing marx and engels nothing Leon trotsky lots of nothing stalin LESS THAN NOTHING

Vodka nothing, mandrax nothing whisky and heroin nothing marijuana lots of nothing lysergic acid nothing

NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING



THE BOSSES DARLING

Now come along down to the factory
The production line is turning
If you work all day for the minimum pay
God knows what you'll be earning
Get stuck in when you arrive
To keep your family alive
At the end of the week you'll just survive
To be the bosses darling.

Your patience and dexterity
He's endlessly adoring
He says you're suited to the job
Which means the job is boring
You think you're earning equal pay
But he has found a million ways
To keep you at the bottom of the heap OK
Cause you're the bosses darling.

The boss he loves you well, you bet He knows that you'll be loyal You're a breeding ground for the working man and a resting place from toil You have no time for the union You leave that kind of thing to men You're a second-class worker and a mother hen That's why you're the bosses darling.

Well, come along down to the factory
We'll keep you on your toeses
There's lots of unemployment now
So don't look down your noses
There's shift work here and shift work there
What you do with your family's your affair,
'Cause if you don't like it, there's plenty more
To be the bosses darling.

Section Three ELECTRO-FASCISM & GAOLS

IF THEY COME FOR YOU IN THE NIGHT

If they come for you in the night
Then they will come for me in the morning
So we must stand together and fight
We don't need no other warning
I am finished with sitting on the fence
To fight is my best defence
I'll find you when the walls fall.

If they break your mind in jail
Then they will break my heart in passing
So we must struggle on win or fail
'Cause it's us they're bashing and gassing.
Revolution is just pie up in the sky
Here in hell we only fry
I'll find you when the walls fall.

We can hear you crying at night No matter where they build their Katingals Can you hear us demanding the right To raise the jails, let the prisoners mingle Utopia is not around the bend But I'll be damned I will not bend I'll find you when the walls fall.



HELEN'S SONG

Helen just sittin' down
To wing a song of you
To sing a song of your strength
Of the power bubbling through
To sing a song of your laughter
Of your sorrow and your pain.

This song is about Helen Golding, a radical lawyer, in Sydney Australia, who was tragically killed in a car accident in the late seventies. She is sorely missed by many people, especially those on the fringes, that she helped.

Chorus:

Helen just sittin' down
To sing a song of you
To sing a song of your strength
Of the power bubbling through
To sing a song of your laughter
Of your sorrow and your pain
To sing a song of your anger
Your struggles and your gains.

I remember you in the street
In the discussions
The slip of your feet
I remember you at the vigil
The sleepless nights
To go on
In the dancing
In the prancing
In the courthouse
Of the boss
Inside the prison walls
Far into the country halls
We feel the loss
We feel the loss

But everytime that
the streets are blocked
The nights are seized
And the clocks are stopped
Everytime a challenge stirs
Cement glistens and
The alley cats purr
Everytime the ripples rise
The growling grows
And the crazy eyes
Turn their gaze past
The glittering tawdry prize
And focus
On the frauds
We're asked to live



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Every time a spray-can hand A clenched fist A growing ragged band Shake the state And make the bourgeois quake I think we'll hear you In the crowd.

Every time the caged one cry The boldening sisters Patriachs defy Bars wither And the stone walls crack Our rulers shiver And their thugs And screws turn back Deros dance and sing Workers refuse the sack Kids laughter shatters The cathedral bells Monuments to greed And exploitation felled I think we'll hear you In the crowd

I think we'll hear you In the crowd.

CHORUS

WE'RE THE SQUATTERS ARMY! (Tune: My Old Man's A Dustman)

Chorus:

We're the Squatters Army We're the Won't Pay Rent Brigade We smoke marijuana And we like getting laid,

Have you heard about us? If not, you will you bet Because the Sunday Mirror Ain't seen nothing yet.

We piss out of windows
We shit on the floor
We shoot up in lavatories
Ain't that what they're for?

We don't work in factories We don't work in a store We don't work in offices We don't work at all.

We've got lice and scabies Crabs and bedbugs too We only take our clothes off When we want to screw.

We're all on multiple doles It's that that gives us hope The money that they send us Pays for all our dope.

We'll beat up your grandad 'Cos we're a load of thugs We won't even notice 'Cos we're all high on drugs

We laze around like idle rich Let others rub and scrub The only one who gets our bread Is the landlord in the pub.

Chorus.



WHO CARES ABOUT THE HUMAN RACE (Tune: "Hernandos Hideaway")

I know a place where we can find, Uranium for us to mine, Australia is just the place Who cares about the human race! ole!

Exploit it now before it's banned The media is in our hand The public are quite easily sold They only know what they are told. ole!

CHORUS:

Dollars, dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
We'll sell uranium to France or Uncle Sam
Dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
Think of all those nuclear reactors in Japan.
Dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
There's just one question and the answer isn't sure:
Where to store the waste for more than half a million years.

The government co-operates, With those that we have learned to hate, The corporates control our fate, Unite, we must stand up and fight...ole!

Dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
At bargain basement prices for Australia's friends,
Dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
We know whose pockets get the profits in the end
Dollars, dollars, dollars and cents
But the question that we can not let them think they can ignore,
Is where to store the waste for more than half a million years.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, deadly night All is calm, all is bright Burnt out bodies everywhere Radiation filling the air Somebody's made a mistake Somebody's made a mistake.

ROCK AND ROLL URANIUM (Tune: Let me Have More Rock n Roll Music)

Chorus:

Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors And other destructive factors, We're gonna dig it for the money So we can have more power honey Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna have half a nose.

We'd like to help the aborigines, It's just that there're too damned hard to please, Why can't they live just like you and me, In a social democracy.

Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors And other destructive factors, We're gonna dig it for the money So we can have more power honey Gotta be nuclear, power, if you wanna have liquid eyes.

We're gonna mine it cos it's good for the kids, Although the working class will all bit in bits, But that's OK we've got our medical kits, We'll give shock treatment to all the misfits.

Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors And other destructive factors, We're gonna dig it for the money So we can have more power honey Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna have no head.

We're gonna make 80,000 more bombs We're gonna drop them on the bloody comms, We're gonna rip their bloody bones to bits There're just a pack of hysterical shits

Just let me have some more nuclear power reactors And other destructive factors We're gonna dig it for the money So we can have more power honey Gotta be nuclear power, if you wanna drop down dead.

OH YOU FUCKERS (Tune: Oh Carol)

CHORUS:

Oh no, no, no, no, Oh no, no, no, no, Oh no, no, no, no, Oh you fuckers, you phalo-centric murderers, We might even have to shoot you, 'Cause you're profit-minded psychopaths

You killed so many thousands at Hiroshima,
And now you seem to think that was not enough
You're telling us lies and youre leading us on.
You're gonna kill us all with your nuclear bombs,
You're poisoning the world and you don't even care,
Don't think you're gonna miss out on the blood and despair.

You can bash us at Glebe Island and at White Bay too, You can bring in your stooges but that just won't do, We'll throw out Bjelke and Fraser too, We're gonna make it right before we're through, The power of the people is very strong, We're not gonna have a police state for very long.

You can ban street marches but we'll still organise You've got control of education - we'll politicise Look out Utah - you'll go so fast When the workers united get the profits at last We'll smash Bjelke's right-wing state We just can't wait for your destined fate.



WHO'S NEXT?

Well we got the bomb, But that was good, Cause we love peace and motherhood. Then Russia got the bomb, But that's O.K., Cause the "balance of power's" maintained that way. Who's next? France got the bomb, but, Don't you agree they're on our side, Or so I believe China got the bomb but. Have no fears. They can't wipe us out for least five years Who's next? Then Indonesia claimed that they, are gonna get one any day, South Africa wants two, that's right, One for the black and one for the white Who's next? Egypt is going to get one too. Just to drop on you-know-who, So, Israel is getting tense, Want's one in self-defence, the Lord's our shepherd say the psalm But just in case, you better get a bomb, Who's next to go? Luxembourg, or maybe even Monaco, We'll Try and stay serene and calm, When Queensland gets the bomb.



WE WILL ALL GO TOGETHER WHEN WE GO A survival hymn by Tom Lehrer

When you attend a funeral
It is sad to think that sooner or later those you love will do the same for you
And, you may have thought it tragic
Not to mention other adjectives to think of all the weeping they will do
But don't you worry
No more ashes, no more sack cloth
And an armband made of black cloth
Will some day never more adorn a sleeve
For if the bomb that drops on you
Gets your friends and neighbours too
They'll be nobody left behind to grieve
And we will all go together when we go.

We will all go together when we go
What a comforting fact that is to know
Universal bereavement and inspiring achievement
Yes, we all will go together when we go.

We will all go together when we go
All infused with an incandescent glow
No-one will have the indurance
To collect on their insurance
Lloyds of London will be loaded
When they go.

Oh we will all fry together when we fry We'll be french fried potatoes bye and bye There will be no more misery When the world is our rotissery Yes, we will all fry together when we fry.

Down by the old maelstrom
There'll be a storm before the calm
And we will all bake together when we bake
There'll be nobody present at the wake
With complete participation
In that grand incineration
Nearly three billion hunks of well done steak.

Oh, we will all char together when we char And let there be no moaning of the bar Just sing out a tedium when you see the ICBM And the party will be come dressed as you are.

Continued from previous page

Oh, we will burn together when we burn There'll be no need to stand and wait your turn When it's time for the fallout And St. Peter calls us all out We'll just drop our agendas and adjourn.

You will all go directly to your respective Valhallas Go directly do not pass go do not collect 200 dollars.

And we will all go together when we go Every Hotentot and every eskimo When the air become uranious We will all go simultaneous

Yes we all will go together When we all go together Yes we all will go together When we go.

HARD TIMES, LONG BAY BOYS (Tune: Cottonmill Girls)

Chorus: It's hard times Long Bay boys It's hard times Long Bay boys It's hard times Long Bay boys It's hard times everyday.

When I die don't bury me at all Just hang my corpse on the dormitary wall And pickle my bones in alcohol It's hard times everywhere. Chorus:

Oh, when I hear the visiting bell They don't know I've been going through hell All I want is to run with the wind It's hard times everywhere.

Chorus:

Everyday they dehumanize you They lock you up in a human zoo Oh, it's blood money Blood money my friend It will be your blood in the end. Chorus:

BALLAD OF HULL JAIL RIOT (Tune: "The Wild Rover")

Come all you lawbreakers, I'll tell you a tale
Of a glorious revolt that took place at Hull Jail.
The month it was August of '76
And the bullying screws had been up to their
tricks.

CHORUS:

And it's no, nay never, no never no more Will we stand for oppression, no never no more.

It's there in the prison they corced them to toil

In a furniture factory known as "The Mill" The dust it was choking, too noisy to speak And the wages a fine 95 pence a week.

A prisoner named Clifford was attacked by four screws

For answering back to their taunts and abuse. When word got around what the warders had done

A block full of prisoners united as one, and said....

CHORUS:

A hundred demanded the Governor to see but to talk about Clifford he wouldn't agree The prisoners got angry, the screws all took fright

And surrendered the building without any fight.

Now the prisoners in solitary were freed from their cells

They broke down the doors and the windows as well

They got in the office and found all the files Where their lives were recorded in language so vile.

CHORUS:

Three days they took over that dreary old jail And they laughed and they sang as they knocked it to hell.

A million pounds worth of damage was found But they should have demolished it down to the ground.

CHORUS:

Continued from previous page

Those uniformed sadists, those boot-boys in blue,
Their wages are paid for by me and by you.
But one day the screws will all be unemployed On the day when the jails are shut down and destroyed.

Section Four NO GOD, NO WAR, NO STATE ETC...

McCAFFERTY

Now all young soldiers listen to me the story of McCafferty a dreadful tale I will relate be cautioned by my early fate barely 18 years of age into the Army I did engage I left my work with a good intent to join the 42nd regiment to Fullwood Barracks I did go to serve my time at that depot But my life their was misery my Captain took a great dislike to me on sentry duty one fine day some soliders children came around to play from the officers quarters my Captain came and ordered me to take their parents name I took one name instead of three for neglect of duty my captain charged me

for neglect of duty my captain charged me across the square they escorted me to serve my time in cell block 3 I did two weeks of packload drill instructors shouting kill, kill, kill. One thing they impressed on me that I must kill my enemy.

With loaded rifle I did prepare to shoot my Captain across the square It was Captain Hammond I meant to kill

It was Captain Hammond I meant to but I shot the Colonel against my will To Preston Assizes they took me a hostile Judge and a bored jury The judge he said McCafferty Prepare to hang upon gallows tree I had no mother to break her heart I had one friend a girl was she

Who laid her life down for McCafferty Now all young soldiers listen to me do your duty diligently

learn all you can up on the Barrack ground and shoot the right bastards when the time comes 'round.

UNEMPLOYMENT BLUES or WATCHCHAIN BLUES

I went up for my interview
On the fourth day of July
The personnel man he questioned me
Until I nearly cried
He made me fill in forms
Until I shook with fear
About the colour of my toilet roll
And if my cousin's queer.

CHORUS:

Here's your gold watch
And shackles for your chains
And your piece of paper
To say you've left here sane,
And if you've a son
Who wants a good career
Just get him to sign on the dotted line
And work for fifty years.

He asked me how many Jobs I'd had before He nearly had a heart attack When I answered four Four jobs in twenty years This can never be We only take on men Who work until they die.

CHORUS:

He took me outside to where
The gravestones stood in line
This is where we bury them
In quickstone and in lime.
And if you're going to work for us
This you must agree
If you're going to die
Please do it during tea-break.

CHORUS:

Continues on next page.....

Continues

This story that I tell you It may seem rather queer But it is the truth You will be surprised to hear I wasn't asking for no Job upon the board I only wanted to take a broom And sweep the bloody floor.

CHORUS:

LIVING DEAD BLUES

Sell some pot, some smack, why not? They're selling uranium too They've got guns belted to their side To make it tough on me and you. A kick in the head Some teargas instead, Ah! they're rotten through and through. Men in blue will kill you too, If the boredom doesn't burst. They're in control, We're on the dole Ah! this mess is getting worse.

Woke up this morning
Leave my bed
Join the queue with the living dead
Sick and tired of living in this filthy dirty muck
Ah! They don't give a fuck!
Tearing up the earth for money and greed,
If we don't fight now they're going to succeed.

They'll kill ten thousand people, If it means a lousy buck Ah! They don't give a fuck! 'Cos they're rotten through and through Yes rotten through and through.

SIT DOWN

When they tie a can to a union man
Sit down! Sit down!
When they give 'im the sack they'll take him back
Sit down! Sit down!

Sit down, just take a seat, Sit down! Sit down! Sit down and rest your feet. Sit down you've got 'em beat. Sit down! Sit down!

When they smile and say, no raise in pay
Sit down! Sit down!
When you want the boss to come across
Sit down! Sit down!

CHORUS:

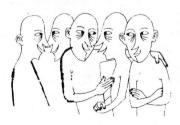
When the speed-up comes, just twiddle your thumbs Sit down! Sit down! When you want 'em to know they'd better go slow Sit down! Sit down!

CHORUS:

When the boss won't talk, don't take a walk
Sit down! Sit down!
When the boss sees that, he'll want a little chat
Sit down! Sit down!

CHORUS:

Sit down, just take a seat, Sit down! Sit down! Sit down and rest your feet. Sit down you've got 'em beat. Sit down! Sit down!



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain Slay your Christian neighbours, or by them be slain Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill, God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill, All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high; If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite! Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod; Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God. Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize; Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill; Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill. Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat; Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat. Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft; In Jehovah's holy name, wreck ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore; Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor. Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too; Hoist the cross of calvary to hallow all you do. File your bullets' nose flat, poison every well; God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet; Trample human freedom under pious feet. Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favoured race! Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace. Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools: History will say of you: "That pack of God damn fools."



HIPPIE SONG

I'm a vegetarian, I don't eat meat I'm so cool from my head to my feet I love the universe, I'm in harmony with the earth.

To get free, I smoke lots of dope To stay clean I use oatmeal soap Clean and free I can start to do my own thing.

I patch my jeans and I paint my face I don't like to run in the rat race So I go to the country 'cos it's such a far out place.

I drop lots of acid, go to the Park I love people, but I don't like narks I like to commune with nature in the parks.

HARE GUMBOOT, HARE GUMBOOT

Hare Gumboot, Hare Gumboot Your salvation for a donation Have some incense, that'll be twenty cents How pecuniary is our loonery Our extensive bibliography Is more expensive than pornography.

Hare Gumboot, Hare Gumboot Your salvation for a donation.

This divine force you may now inhale Unless of course you are female

Hare Gumboot, Hare Love-In Hare Much Loot, Hare Nimbin

(Repeat indefinitely)

Transcendence, Incorporated

KARMA COLA

COME ALL YOU IDLE WORKERS

O come all you idle workers and listen to my song And if you pay attention I won't detain you long It's of a certain person who you see before you now I've turned me hand to writing songs, I mean to tell you how I never would have thought that I would take the poet's role But everything is different now, now I'm on the dole.

CHORUS:

Oh, we are the idle workers, the million unemployed. Our services aren't needed, our jobs have been destroyed. Some of us were sewing shirts, and some were digging coal, But everything is different now, now we're on the dole.

ALTERNATIVE CHORUS LINES:
O come all you idle workers and join me in my song,
The system puts us out of work, the system must be wrong,
But things are going to alter when the workers take control
And then we'll get together and put the bosses on the dole.

...We know that things won't change until the workers take control So why not have a little rest and live upon the dole. ...So I'll do something useful while I'm living onthe dole...etc.)

I used to wake each morning, feeling really bad,
The sound of the alarm-clock used to drive me mad,
I didn't like the way the foreman ordered me around,
And when it got to four o'clock my head was going round,
The place I used to work in was a dirty little hole,
But everything is different now, now I'm on the dole.

I used to have to go to work to get my daily bread, The dole was just for scroungers, that was what they said, But now the times are bad and unemployment's on the rise, They haven't got a job for me of any shape or size, I used to be a wage-slave and it drove me up the pole, But everything is different now, now i'm on the dole.

When I got home from work I'd start to grumble and to grouse, I used to leave me wife to do the work around the house, When I got me cards, I thought I'd live a life of ease, I shouted for me wife to bring me a in a cup of tea, But in she comes and tells me with a look as black as coal. "You know you'll have to do your bit, now you're on the dole".

I used to take the kids out every now and then, Now I've got the time to get to know 'em once again, I do a bit of housework so me wife can be more free, Complete me education in the public library, I've started writing poetry and I reckon on the whole Variety's the spice of life, when you're on the dole.

Continues

The only disadvantage is, the money's pretty poor, I can't afford the sorts of things I used to buy before, We have to stick together now, and share the things we've got, I heard that Harry Hyams had to buy a bigger yacht, I met a former boss of mine, a most respected soul, He had to stand behind me in the queue to get the dole.

A man came around with leaflets, and told us not to shirk, He wanted us to demonstrate, demand the right to work, I told 'im it was clear to me the system's going wrong. But I thought I deserved a break, I'd been at work so long, Now I don't want the right to work in some old dirty hole, I'd rather take a holiday, now I'm on the dole.

THE FOUR HOUR DAY Tune: Old Black Joe

Gone are the days, when the master class could say, "We'll work you long hours for little pay; We'll work you all day and half the night as well." But I hear the workers' voices saying: "You will, like Hell!"

Chorus:

We're going, we're going to take a four hour day. We surely will surprise the boss come First of May.

Now workers, it's up to you to say If you want a general four hour day. As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand, All you have to do is join our Union Grand.

Chorus:

Now working people, we are working far too long; That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng. Give every worker a chance to work each day; Let's join together and to the boss all say:

Chorus:

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!

Oh! why don't you work Like other folk do? Why should I work When I don't want to?

Chorus: Hallelujah, I'm a bum! Hallelujah, bum again! Hallelujah, give us a handout To revive us again.

Oh why don't you save All the money you earn? If I did not eat I'd have money to burn.

Chorus:

Oh I like my boss He's a good friend of mine That's why I'm starving Out on the bread line.

Chorus:

I can't buy a job
For I ain't got the dough
So I ride in a box car
For I'm a hobo.

Chorus:

Whenever I get
All the money I earn
The boss will be broke
And to work he must turn.

Chorus:

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN THE SOUPLINE

(Tune: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go.

CHORUS

It's a long way down the soupline It's a long way to go
It's a long way down the soupline And the soup is thin I know
Goodbye, good old pork chops,
Farewell, beefsteak rare,
It's a long way down the soupline But my soup is there

So Bill and sixteen million people responded to the call To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free & strong But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

CHORUS:

IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE

Long-haired preachers come out every night Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right But when asked how 'bout something to eat They will answer with voices so sweet

Main Chorus:
You will eat, bye and bye
In that glorious land in the sky
Work and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie in the sky when you die,

And the starvation army they play And they sing and they clap and they pray Till they get all your coin on the drum, Then they will tell you, you are a bum

CHORUS:

If you fight hard for children and wife Try to get something good in this life You're a sinner and bad man, they tell When you die you will sure go to hell.

CHOR US:

Workingmen of all countries unite Side by side we for freedom will fight When the world and its wealth we have gained To the grafters we'll sing this refain.

LAST CHORUS:
You will eat, bye and bye
When you've learned how to cook and to fry
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
You you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.



